

dare to stare (dying, baby, dying to touch) by hoppnhorn

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Summary:

Steve is drunk and has no game, good thing Billy has plenty for both of them.

dare to stare (dying, baby, dying to touch)

It's Saturday and he's drunk. Drunk as a skunk in a trunk, he thinks, or something along those lines. Steve snorts into a red cup of whatever cheap beer the sorority had sprung for and gets looks from the girls around him. *Right*. He's not the only one in the room is he?

He's very drunk.

"Having fun?" A voice shouts in his ear and Steve winces and looks over to see Nancy, her face split wide with a smile. She's drunk too, her eyes just a little too glazed over from whatever fruit punch monstrosity they're serving up in the kitchen. He lifts his cup and tries to smile. Fails.

"Tons." He's not. He's trying to drown out the weight on his shoulders but it just seems to get heavier as the night goes on.

"Come on, Steve." She pushes on his arm and he sways a little which only annoys him further. "You're here to have a good time, not to sulk."

"Then you should have let me stay in my dorm so I could jerk off all night."

She makes a face and he feels the first genuine laugh of the night spring from his lips.

"You're drunk." Apparently she's just now catching up.

"Good work, Nancy Drew." He pauses, laughs again.

"You...are wasted." She reevaluates. "I think I should call Jon, have him come get you—"

"You think I can't walk three blocks home by myself?" He slurs, waving his cup around in the direction, he thinks, of his fraternity house. West. East. Someplace.

"I think you're going to do something stupid, like you usually do when you're this drunk." Nancy calmly states, her eyes focused on

him and no longer glossy with intoxication. He's a literal buzzkill. *Great.*

"I'm fine." He waves a hand. "It's fine."

"Just..." She reaches out to touch his arm and he thinks about pulling it away but doesn't. Nancy harbors too much guilt for their break up, even years later, and he can't risk making that whole situation worse. "...be careful?"

He takes two fingers, salutes and smiles. It almost feels real.

"Yes ma'am."

Nancy hesitates, blinks at him a few times, like she's debating whether she should call Jonathan anyway, then smiles back.

"Drink some water." She adds, backing away into the crowd. There are three girls calling her name the moment she leaves his side and Steve nods, happy to be forgotten as she vanishes. He's forgotten what it was like to party alone. In high school, he'd had a group of friends and then he'd had Nancy. Then he'd joined a fraternity his freshman year of college and that came with built in friends. A group to migrate from party to party with and never be alone.

Except when a sorority throws a bash the same night as your fraternity's monthly poker tournament. All of his brothers were occupied or otherwise entertained and had turned him down in one capacity or another. So now he's alone, standing in a very warm living room with a cup of warm beer.

Yippee.

He's gulping down the dregs in his red solo cup when there's shouting from the foyer and he watches as people stop dancing. Stop talking. The music fades and suddenly there's an eerie quiet in a house full of people.

Then he sees the source of the commotion. A cop walks into the living room with his flashlight raised, shining the light in eyes as they pass. He doesn't say much which makes everyone glance at one another like maybe the answer is written on their dumbfounded

neighbor's forehead. Steve just sighs into his cup and hopes he isn't carded. He'd left his wallet at home and walked to this stupid party.

"What's your birth date?" The cop asks a girl and she squeaks out a month and date and stumbles on a year and Steve bites on a grin. It's obvious she's momentarily forgotten what her fake ID claims is her age and the cop knows it, shining the light directly into her eyes until she's closing them.

"You?" He turns to the next girl and she does the same, only better than the first. Steve tries to remember his birth year. 1993. Wait. 1994?

"I'm gonna need to see some ID." The cop says loudly and all eyes are go wide, including Steve's. He chews his lip nervously as the girl claims she has no wallet. No ID. The cop gestures. "Up against the wall."

Suddenly Steve isn't amused. Sobriety kicks him in the balls as he watches the girl swallow nervously and do as instructed, turning around to face the drywall at her back. The cop doesn't crowd her but sticks his foot between her shoes and kicks them wider.

Steve sets his cup on a mantel and propels himself forward.

"Hey, dickhead." He blurts. "You can't search someone without cause." He knows his rights, sort of. Maybe. Okay he watches a lot of cop shows on TV. That's has to count for something. Right?

"Back up." The cop hisses at him when Steve nears, one hand batting at him like he's an annoying fly.

"Hey, man, you can't—"

"Dude." The cop turns around and lowers large aviators, flashing some seriously blue eyes. Steve is startled by the stare and the eyebrow cocked at him like *he's* the asshole. "Fucking chill." The guy murmurs. Then he's turning around and saying, loudly, "Do you have anything on your person that might stick me?"

The girl shakes her head and Steve stays close, watches this bizarre sequence of events unfold from only a few feet away. No one is

getting groped on his watch, sober or not.

“Good. Because...” the cop grins over his shoulder at a group of girls and Steve notices that the guy is young. Handsome. Stupidly tan for a Chicago cop. “...I do.”

Steve blinks rapidly as music appears out of nowhere, blasting loud in his ears with a bass that’s absolutely ridiculous just as the cop rips off his pants.

Oh.

Something in Steve’s gut twists as the guy starts to grind against the girl on the wall, a chorus of delighted screams egging him on. Steve stares at the velcro pants on the floor and feels like his brain is wading through six feet of peanut butter. But his dick thinks fast on its feet. The shorts on the stripper’s tanned ass leaves very little of his physique to the imagination and Steve swallows, wishes he’d kept his beer because suddenly his mouth is very *very* dry.

The guy can *move*. His hips grind and his ass flexes and he slowly undresses, throws his hat and discards his glasses. His shirt zips because *of course those buttons aren’t real* and Steve really knows he should walk away and go home. He should leave the house full of estrogen so they can enjoy the sinful thrusts and...oiled abs. But his feet have taken root in the floor, it seems, and he can’t really pull himself away. Even when the stripper flips the girl around on the wall and starts to grind into her front, her hands wandering over his back and ass.

Steve really needs to *not* be watching.

His cock is hard in the front of his pants, reminding him that he hasn’t been laid in months and he *really* needs to find himself someone to spend the night with. Pronto. Like yesterday.

But then the guy is turning around and grinding his ass back into the girl’s hips, planting her hands on hips as she squeals incoherently, and Steve is caught. Caught with a chub and bright red cheeks by a stripper with burning, blue eyes.

The stare they share is momentary but it makes something in the bottom of Steve's stomach drop out. He takes a step back, lets the girls in the room crowd around him for a better look at the spectacle, but his gaze lingers. Lingers on the muscled blond as he smirks and gyrates and does everything but fuck the sorority girl at his mercy into the wall. Steve's throat is dry dry dry when he snaps back to reality. He has a huge boner in his pants and he's drunk and this is not time or place for either of those things to mingle.

Turning on his heel, he quickly parts the sea of girls to find an exit. He can't *breathewith* all the pheromones in the air. That guy probably gets more pussy than he knows what do with and yet, somehow, Steve isn't jealous. If he's jealous of anything, it's the girl he hears giggling wildly in the other room. Girls, plural.

Snap out of it.

He doesn't. Instead, he stays, standing just outside the living room where he can see the girls gathered around a central point. He can't see what's happening, exactly, but he can tell when it gets heated from the screams and shrieks of delight. His mind fills in the blanks as he wanders back to the kitchen, drains another beer before the music ends.

He's on beer six, eyeballing a microwave clock, when the crowd in the living room finally breaks up and girls flood back into the kitchen. They're all glowing and smiling, waving their hands in front of their flushed faces. Steve slinks out of the way as they gush about the stripper's amazing ass and abs and *oh my god you could see his dick through those shorts*.

Steve swipes beer seven on his way towards the back porch. He's still hard and the only thing keeping him from stumbling home to jerk off is the pleasant buzz under his skin.

When he busts out onto the porch, he groans at the cold and wraps his arms around himself, nipples instantly pebbling in the chilly air.

"Fuck me." He hisses. "Goddamn Illinois."

"Right?" Steve whirls, stumbling back as he notices the figure leaning

on the side of the house. It's the stripper, in his naked glory, smoking and *steaming*?

"You're..." He gestures with one of the fingers wrapped around his beer and the guy smirks.

"I just burned a few thousand calories. It works up a sweat." Steve can tell. He can tell that the guy is sweaty because every inch of him is gleaming in the moonlight. *Shimmering*.

"That not...PAM or something sprayed on your abs?" He slurs with an attempt at a smirk. The guy chokes on a drag and laughs, deep and loud in the dark.

"PAM?" Laughing again, he shakes his head and blond curls dance around his shoulders. "That's a new one."

"You're welcome." Steve quips. He can't help but let his eyes wander at the nearly naked display of perfect male physique in front of him. It's a lot. It's a glaring reminder of how much sex he's *not* having with guys who are *not* ripped like goddamn gods.

"You're staring." The stripper says as he holds out a hand and Steve blinks at it for a moment before extending the unopened beer. "And now you're forgiven."

"You're naked." Steve points out drunkenly and the guy shakes his head and cracks the can open.

"That's against the rules. Gotta cover the goods." He gestures to the tiny, tight shorts covering his crotch and Steve looks. Because he's *just* that drunk and the guy is just *that* gorgeous. "Name's Billy, by the way." The guy states, cigarette in one hand as he tips the beer back to his mouth with the other. When he smacks his lips and finds Steve still *staring*, he snorts. "You know, my name? Because I'm not just something to look at."

"I know." Steve slurs, debates saying his own name but settles for watching *Billy* take a long, deliberate suck on his cigarette. He feels those lips on his skin.

"You got something you wanna get off your chest, pal?" His smile is

all teeth and Steve's eyes settle on his lips, lingering just too long to be unintentional.

"I'm good." He pats his polo with a hand. "I don't look as good naked as you do." The stripper's eyes flare and he laughs, it stutters from his mouth like he's surprised and Steve grins. *Right*. He can be funny when he wants to be. "Come on, like I'm the first guy to tell you that you look good naked?"

"Mm." Billy bites his lip with a predator's grin and wrinkles his nose. "Not exactly." The blue-eyed god flicks his tongue out to wet his bottom lip and laughs softly again. "But not many of *those* guys look like you."

"Many?" Steve snorts and tugs at his shirt, sticks his chest out like one of his fraternity brothers. Like a gorilla during mating season, he thinks. "No one's like me." There's another laugh and Steve revels in the attention, grows bolder. "I'm a one-of-a-kind specimen."

"You sure are, handsome." Billy cooes at him. "And one-of-a-kind drunk, I think."

"Nah." Steve waves a hand. "This isn't drunk."

"You sure?" Billy turns on the wall, resting one shoulder against it so he's fully facing Steve. "You're outside hitting on the dude who takes his clothes off for a living." There's a tone hiding under Billy's teasing and it makes Steve's smile fade. "Bet you'd be *hammered* if someone told your bros about that, huh?" He sucks hard in his cigarette and hisses it out.

Steve blinks.

"I've sucked cock *sober* before so..." Steve goes to shrug but Billy's eyebrows hit his hairline in a surprised expression, his fingers catching his cigarette before it tumbles from his lips. "...I don't think I'd need to be *drunk* to talk to a dick." He mutters. Oddly enough, his buzz has faded and suddenly he wants to be home, alone, where no one can accuse him of being anything but horny and a little lonely. "I'll let you get back to your *leaning*." Steve heads for the door but in a moment Billy is between him and the knob.

"Alright, shit. My bad." He's saying, holding out his beer and cigarette like his hands would be spread, if they weren't already full. "I'm a dick."

"And I'm leaving." Steve slurs, gesturing to the door. "Or I was..."

"Come on, don't be mad." Billy holds out the beer with a little wiggle. "You're the only person at this fucking party I *don't* have to pretend around."

Steve blinks, snatches the beer, and turns before plopping down on the steps. A second later, there's a pair of tan legs beside him and Billy sits down on the stairs in his tiny black shorts.

"Aren't you cold?" Steve asks in a bored voice, pretending to not care though he finds he actually *does*. The guy laughs, takes a drag and lets the smoke leak out of his lips.

"I run hot."

"Kay." Steve slurps on the rim of the can, stares out at the mess of a backyard. The sorority needs a landscaper. There's barely any grass left on the damn lawn.

"I figured you were someone's boyfriend in there." Billy says. Steve snorts abruptly, remembering a time when he *was* someone's boyfriend. A long time ago.

"I'm the sad friend that everyone invites out of pity." He admits aloud, though the moment the words escape him he wishes he'd kept them. "The sad, single ex-boyfriend..."

"Ah." Billy holds out the cigarette and Steve eyes it for a moment before shaking his head. "Lemme guess, you two are still *friends* even though you've hit that."

"Her boyfriend too." Steve mutters. He can feel Billy's stare so he looks over and, sure enough, the guy's eyes are a little wide as he grins. "Yeah, blew him a few times. Then suddenly they're together and they're *in love*." Steve rolls his eyes and Billy snickers.

"Damn." He bites his lip and Steve wants to do it too. Wants to nibble

and taste. "That's a special sort of fucked up." Steve smiles. Really smiles. For the first time, someone's not sugar coating the truth and it's actually, nice?

"Yeah. It's pretty fucked up." He doesn't mind hanging out with Jonathan and Nancy, exactly. But sleeping with two people separately only for them to hook up and insist on spending time as a group makes things feel like a very unsatisfying ménage à trois.

"So, switch hitter, huh?" Billy leans back, which Steve thinks is a deliberate attempt to draw his eye back to Billy's ridiculously long torso and away from his amused grin. It works. Steve ogles unabashedly at the miles of bare, tanned skin.

"Mmm." Steve hums. Words don't seem necessary as he sweeps his gaze from Billy's tight nipples to his narrow, flexing hips.

"You gonna ever tell me your name, pretty boy?" Steve looks up as Billy smirks, batting his lashes.

"Are you trying to seduce me?"

Billy laughs as he sits up, propping his arms on his knees to drop his head. His shiny, bouncy hair goes everywhere and Steve itches to pull on one curl, watch where it goes when he releases.

"You're a riot." Billy's eyes are twinkling when he turns his head and winks at him. "You have no game, but it's hilarious."

"I'm intoxicated." Steve points out gesturing with a beer can he now notices is empty. He sets it down with a hollow *thunk* and sighs.

"What if I was?" Billy tilts to the left, uses his knees to knock into Steve, who wobbles on the step.

"What if you were intoxicated?"

"Seducing you." Billy clarifies, shaking his head with glittering eyes. "Would you tell me your name then?"

Steve sighs, as if he's considering, then closes one eye.

“Theodore.”

“Right.” Billy nods, shakes his head and flicks his butt away. “And my name is Candy.”

“Nah. Not candy. You’re not sweet.” Steve blurts and Billy rubs his hands over his face as he chuckles. “You’re more like...Rose.”

Billy stares at him, his smile weirdly tired.

“Because I have thorns?”

“Because no matter what you’re called, you’re beautiful.” Billy’s face goes smooth at that, his eyes blinking rapidly as Steve swallows down a mouthful of *shit I’m punching above my weight class*. “Or smell sweet or something.” He tacks on gracelessly.

“You up for a private dance, Ted?” Billy asks, his face no longer split in a grin or teasing.

“Nah.” Steve looks away, stares out at the shitty yard that’s more brown than green. “I’ve never been good at dancing.” Billy huffs a laugh and Steve grins up at dark sky, feels the warmth of Billy’s bare body moving closer.

“What’s your name?” His mouth is somewhere near Steve’s shoulder, the heat of his breath tickling his neck at the collar and Steve sighs, keeps his eyes trained on the stars above.

“Richard.”

“Dick?” There’s a hand on Steve’s knee, pressing down while a whisper brushes his cheek.

“Mmmm. It’s a family name.”

“I like it.”

“Thanks.” Steve is pretty sure he’s drunk when he feels Billy’s chin perch on his shoulder.

“Are you ever gonna look at me, Dick?”

He does and Billy's eyes are crisp, clear blue, reeled in fresh from the sea.

"Did you need something?" He asks casually. What do you know, Billy's smile is even brighter up close.

"Your name, dick."

Steve smiles back, the pleasant buzz in his blood not from beer or bud but from the way Billy is waiting, gazing up at through thick lashes.

"Steve." He breathes, his body relaxing just a little. Enough, it seems, that Billy is convinced. There's a moment of nothing but a slow smile on Billy's face and the hum of empty night air and then he's lifting his chin and pressing a soft kiss to Steve's cheek. It's small and fleeting and definitely not what Steve had expected, though it warms him down to his toes.

"Nice to meet you, Steve." He murmurs, his mouth almost touching the surface of Steve's face.

"Hi." He replies stupidly. If he were to turn his head, just a little, he'd know what Billy's mouth would feel like on his own. "Billy..."

"Yes, Steve?" Billy's chin returns to Steve's shoulder and he bats his lashes. It's a thing to see.

"I'm a little drunk."

Billy wrinkles his nose and Steve would call him cute if his eyes didn't yell *bed me* quite so loud.

"You don't say." He breathes. "Good thing I'm driving then, huh?"

Steve blinks.

"Driving where?"

"IHop. Dancing for drunk college girls works up an appetite." Billy stands up on the stairs until his crotch is obscenely level with Steve's face. He gulps as he maintains eye contact with the pronounced bulge

of Billy's cock. "Steve."

"Yeah?" He forces himself to look away.

"You coming?" That devilish smile is back.

"Yeah."